V.

O thou, which on the mountain's brow,
By night didſt pray alone;
In the cold night didſt pay thy vow,
And in humiliation bow,
To thrones and pow'rs thine own.

VI.

Tell us, for thou the beſt can tell,
What Melancholy means?
A guiſe in them that wear it well,
That goes to muſic to diſpel
Dark thoughts and gloomier ſcenes.

VII.

Say, didſt thou ſolitude deſire,
Or wert thou driv'n away,
By rank deſertion to retire,
Without or bed, or food, or fire,
For all thy foes to pray.

VIII.

Yet thou didſt preach of future bliſs,
Peace permanent above,
Of truth and mercy's holy kiſs,
Thoſe joys which none that love thee miſs,
O give us grace to love.